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MARCH'S FAMOUS FUNNY FARCES

MARCH BROTHERS, Publishers, LEBANON, OHIO

No Peddlers Admitted

BY JEANNETTE JOYCE

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CHARACTERS

BUSINESS MAN.

OFFICE GIRL.

PEDDLER.

SCENE: *Stage arranged as business office. Pretty girl at desk when employer enters with energetic and determined air. He carries a large placard, "No PEDDLERS ADMITTED." Audience must not see wording.*

BUSINESS MAN (*speaking briskly*): Now, my young friend, this office has got to get down to business. Too much time wasted. That's what's the matter with this country. Time wasted is money wasted. (*As he talks, ransacks drawers of desk, pulling out and throwing about contents.*) Come here and help me find these tacks, won't you?

OFFICE GIRL (*rises very deliberately, blots the page of the ledger, closes it and arranges hair at mirror as she crosses room*).

BUSINESS MAN (*finds tack by running finger into it as he rummages far back in drawer*): Ouch! Oh! (*Jumps about with finger in mouth.*)

OFFICE GIRL (*still rouging face at mirror*): You found it, did you?

BUSINESS MAN: Found it! It found me! Bring me the peroxide and cotton out of the emergency case over there in the room across the hall, and tie up this finger. I can't afford to lose time off on account of blood poison. (*She goes in search of remedy. Business man still looking for tacks, and exclaiming over finger.*)

PEDDLER (*enters after brief interval, with grip in hand*): Good morning, my friend. Good morning, you seem to be suffering—

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BUSINESS MAN (*breaking in fiercely on speech, as peddler opens up grip*): Now look here, I don't want anything you have to sell unless it's something for this confounded finger. I bought a dozen bottles of machine oil yesterday to get rid of a fellow who was carry'en a grip—looked just like yours. Of course, he showed how it would save me by gettin' all the typewriters to do more work in the same time; but I came down to the office extra early this morning with a sign all ready to tack up. (*Looks for sign but can not find it, covered over with rubbish thrown out of desk.*)

PEDDLER (*with very suave manner*): Too bad! Too bad! But as it happens, I have just the thing that you need here. I make it a practice to carry always just what the people need. (*Winks at audience, and opens bottle, carefully placing a few drops on handkerchief.*) Now, let me have that finger. Good! (*With great care applies, time and again, the ointment, talking in a very engaging manner all the while.*) Peddlers in the long run are a nuisance. Yes, they are a great nuisance. They waste a busy man's time. I would not be in the business myself, but a great-great uncle of mine, by name, Oilover, discovered this remedy and handed it down in the family to be sold *exclusively* by direct descendants. Feels better, doesn't it? I can always tell when it begins to work.

BUSINESS MAN: Yes, it does. And I'm a man who always believes in being prepared to get the most out of every hour in the day. Can't afford to waste time on account of accidents, or run the risk of being laid on the shelf by blood poison. How much is that stuff?

PEDDLER: Just so. Just so. You're a sensible man, I perceive. This wonderful remedy, my friend, sells at \$1.00 per bottle, plus war tax; if you will take ten bottles, including this one opened, they are yours for \$12.00.

BUSINESS MAN: Well, let me have them; I started out this morning to save time, and if equipping this place as an emergency hospital is what's necessary, I'll do it. (*Laying out money, and suddenly looking about office.*) By the way, what's become of that girl, I wonder.

PEDDLER (*hurriedly counting out nine bottles and taking money*): Well, good day. (*Rushes out as office girl enters.*)

BUSINESS MAN: Well, you'd be a swift one to send for a doctor if a man was dying, I must say.

OFFICE GIRL: Send for a doctor! Why, you got your peroxide, didn't you? I gave it to your friend as I met him in the hall coming in. I thought he was a peddler and I warned him about the sign—told him it would have been up but for your accident. He said he was a friend of yours—an old school-mate—and he would take the peroxide in and fix you just right, so I let him, because I wanted to hurry down and get that book you told me about, "How to Make the Most of Time in an Office."

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BUSINESS MAN (*listens with astonishment and sinks into chair*): Well, he fixed me just right. What is that stuff in those bottles?

OFFICE GIRL (*picking them up in turn and reading, beginning with the one from which he applied ointment*): Well, this is your peroxide. This—machine oil, this—machine oil, machine oil, machine oil—

BUSINESS MAN: Stop it! Stop it! (*Looking for sign and finding it.*) Get me the tacks and hammer, quick! (*They find them and together tack up the sign in a conspicuous place.*) NO PEDDLERS ADMITTED.

(Curtain)



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MARCH'S FAMOUS FUNNY FARCES

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